

Morning has bro- ken like the first morn- ing, black-bird has

C F G F G C

spo- ken like the first bird. Praise for the sing- ing! praise for the

F C G G7 C F C

morn- ing! Praise for them, spring- ing fresh from the Word!

F G C F G7 C

2. Sweet the rain's new fall
sunlit from heaven,
like the first dew-fall
on the first grass.
Praise for the sweetness
of the wet garden,
sprung in completeness
where his feet pass.

3. Mine is the sunlight!
Mine is the morning
born of the one light
Eden saw play!
Praise with elation,
praise ev'ry morning,
God's re-creation
of the new day!

Words: Eleanor Farjeon (1881-1965)
Music: Traditional Gaelic Melody